

Eden.
10 Oct. 1808.

POETICAL DIALOGUES.



Mr. John Deuchar's Mark.

*Am I not placed here, and will ye not use me?
But tak' ye a mark pray do not abuse me!*

No. 430.

POETICAL DIALOGUES *K*
ON *2*
RELIGION,
IN THE
SCOTS DIALECT,
BETWEEN
TWO GENTLEMEN AND TWO PLOUGHMEN.

*Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience?
A saint's o' th' heavenly realm a peer;
And sure no peer is bound to swear,
But on the Gospel of his honour,
Of which he may dispose as owner.*

BUTLER.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR PETER HILL,
AT THOMSON'S HEAD, PARLIAMENT SQUARE,
M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

SCOTTISH DIALECTS

OF

RELIGION

IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECTS

OF THE

TWO GREAT BRITAIN AND TWO IRELAND



BRITISH MUSEUM

AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

1844

DIALOGUE I.

DONALD.

GUID morning, Dubbin, what's the haste?
Hech ! man, ye're draggled to the waist.
Bad weather for a harvest day ;
It gars us a' look wan and wae.
Ye're gaun, nae doubt, to spy the corn ;
'Twould yet be better a' unshorn.
I maun awa' and turn a stack,
An' thrash a pickle to be thack.

DUBBIN.

Oh ! Donald, oh ! and wae's me !
It's nae the reekin stacks I see ;
Bad weather, bad, as ye mistak it,
Thar's just as G—d is pleased to mak it ;
It's nae a' this that breeds my care :
We're a' concern'd for warld's gear,
We're a' a godless, graceless crew ;
Justly may Heaven its venom spue,
An' rive its cluds, and rot our grain,
An' flamin' fire and brimstone rain.

A

If't were nae hinder'd by the bow,
 An' haly aith that Heaven did vow ;
 I maist could swear the rain would fa',
 An' that 'twould never fair ava ;
 Till a' the warld, wi' devil's yell,
 Were drown'd, and hurl'd to dry in hell.

I hear sad news is gaun about,
 And that's the cause I'm early out.
 The King, I thought, had aye some sense,
 But now I see it's a' pretence.
 He leads us now a bonny dance,
 Ay! girds us in a *leg* wi' France :
 A pretty packed *category*,
 Pope, presbyt'ry, and purgatory.
 Ye need na laugh, it's a' o'er true ;
 I gat it frae Tam Cleeriheugh,
 Whae heard it nail'd for fact i' th' smiddie,
 An' tauld by Sawney Strange, 'at did he,
 Who there *inferred* he had na made it,
 But in the *chronicles* had read it.
 I hear John Clapperjaw set aff
 To town last owk, for fids and draff ;
 An' I am gaun to ken the root o'it,
 To see what he has heard about it.
 I'm sure he winna tak it well,
 That I can verily foretell.

DONALD.

Ay, Dubbin, an' is this the cause
 That ye hae plaister'd a' your braws,
 Wading sae far thro' mofs and mire,
 About the King o' France t' enquire?
 Nae doubt you will obtain applause,
 Thus trudging in your country's cause.
 'Tis pity, man, ye're nae at court,
 The King and Council to exhort;
 Your flaming zeal and foun' advice
 Would clear their heads in junctures nice.

I've heard this news as well as you,
 And I am glad to find it true;
 Because my very faul would sing,
 To see Religion form a ring,
 Embrace, in one harmonious kirk,
 Pope, Prelate, Pagan, Jew, and Turk;
 To see your bletherin' bigot band
 Whip'd forth from every peaceful land.

DUBBIN.

Heigh, man, it's said through a' this place,
 That ye hae gifts, but little grace;
 An' now guid cause I hae to fear it,
 For now I think ye're quite deleerit.

Ye read your buik, it is confest,
 An' ye're respektet by the best,
 As they are ca't; but well we ken,
 It's only by the moral men,
 The country knabs, who little care
 How the true seed o' faith may fare.
 But O! I doubt the lives they lead,
 Their sports profane, the buiks they read,
 Are a' unsanctify'd by grace:
 Och! we're a hellish, heathenish race.
 An' would you really wish to meet
 The w—re of Babylon in our street?
 An' would you wish to fill the kirk
 Wi' Pagan, Prelate, Jew and Turk?
 But fure ye dinna speak's ye think,
 Or you are daft, or daz'd wi' drink,
 Ere I would join wi' sic a race,
 Or meet them in the haly place,
 I maist as soon wad gaung to hell,
 An' worship wi' the devil's sel.

D O N A L D.

But what if they to heaven repair?

D U B B I N.

Ah! Heaven forbid! if I be there,

The w—re's belief of purgatory
 'Gainst her must bar the gates o' glory.
 The prelate's but her bastard son,
 Wi' gown and band and *sarklace* on.
 For Jews and Pagan *If-di-wells*,
 What better are they just than de'ils,
 Who scorn the faith? they're as sure damn'd,
 As I am D——n Dabble nam'd.
 An' if I could but meet a Turk,
 For Salem's sake, I'd draw my durk,
 An' drive frae *Christendame* sic vermin,
 That thro' our haly land are swarmin,
 An' plunge them in the lowan' pit,
 That unbelievers mair wad fit.

D O N A L D.

Sae ye would think it right to worry
 A mither's son for purgatory;
 The surplice white rive aff his back,
 Because your ain is bare and black.
 Religion ye would seem to note,
 By wandering in a beggar's coat,
 An' hoping rev'rence to inspire,
 All tatter'd in a barn or byre.
 But much I dread, when that's the case,
 She'll soon hae few to court her grace,

An' sink, wi' a' the beggar train,
 To ignominy and disdain.
 But are ye sure your sturdy faith
 Aye leads you i' the perfect path;
 That a' your points are safe and soun',
 An' clear as light o' sun and moon?
 All infidels you roundly doom
 To hell and everlasting gloom.
 If they di' well as far's they ken,
 What mair can best o' mortal men?
 Our works——

D U B B I N.

———Ah! dinna speak o' works,
 By these what are we mair than Turks?
 Faith, faith, *an erring* faith, I say,
 An' works *computed*; that's the way.
 Whoe'er has faith, is well assur'd
 That his salvation is secur'd:
 Whate'er he do, he's sure o' heaven;
 His sins already are forgiven.
 But na, I'm wrang, he canna err;
 This is the doctrine I infer.
 Nae threatening terrors o' the law
 Can e'er the true believer awe:

An' he whae has his doubts and fears,
 A perfect heathenish man appears.
 By faith, to Christ, in marriage tye,
 We're fix'd to a' eternity ;
 The same in body and in mind,
 Nor e'er can sin the knot unbind ;
 Nor can we fall, or be condemn'd,
 Unless with us he too be d—n'd.
 Hence the believer loud may thump
 At Grace's door, and bring the lump
 Of a' his sins thegither ty'd,
 His theft, his perjury, and pride,
 And say, My dear, my faithful spouse !
 This *antinoetial* bunch unloose ;
 These rags defil'd with worldly mud,
 Wash in the fountain of thy blood,
 Which was pour'd out in love to me,
 To mak me pure and white as thee.

D O N A L D.

Strange, man, ye're in an' unco deep,
 An' fight o' you I scarce can keep ;
 The dazzling brightness o'thy lear
 Is what nae moral man can bear.
 Ye're in a mire, and fair I doubt it
 If a' your skill can bring you out o'it.

What sage mysterious, deep divine
 Has led you thro' his murky mine,
 Reveal'd the secrets dark of night,
 Conceal'd from a' the sons of light?
 I've read the gospels o'er and o'er,
 An' still I like on them to glowr:
 There still I see my duty plain,
 Without disguise, or flaw, or stain:
 There I am taught what's my chief end;
 To love my G—d, on him depend
 For every necessary grace,
 To guide me till I see his face;
 To seek his glory, not my own;
 To act as serving him alone;
 To love and help, as far's I can,
 His creature and my brother man;
 Humbly to pray, and do my best,
 Nor yet on this my hope to rest,
 But on a Saviour's power alone,
 Without whose aid I'm still undone.

D U B B I N.

An' so ye are, without remede;
 Nae word o' faith in a' your creed.
 The law and gospel is your rule:
 Poor man, ye're just but gaun to school.

I say, these are a wicked thrall ;
 Faith, faith in C——t, is all in all.
 This is the gospel orthodox ;
 Your musty laws but stumbling blocks.
 Ye read the gospels—dry-blawn whistles ;
 Soun' gospel's only in th' epistles.
 It's here the mystery we find ;
 Who dips not here, I hold him blind.
 Where, in your system, do you place
 The call and covenant of grace ;
 Justification's glorious foun',
 Assurance of the heavenly crown ?
 These points of faith can ye defend,
 Wi' perseverance to the end ?

D O N A L D.

O dinna think but I allow
 These points all orthodox and true.
 Impugn, I'll try whate'er I can
 To stand their grun' 'gainst ony man.
 An' if I canna stand it out
 I'll leav't to you to solve the doubt.
 But as its fit to clear the field,
 Ere we the warfare's weapons wield,
 Lest we contend as bigots blind,
 An' fight in vain against the wind ;

First, perfeverance let's define ;
Give me your sense, an' ye'll get mine.

D U B B I N.

Well, perfeverance is a word,
It hacks and hews just like a sword ;
Tho' often blunted, never broke,
An' still it hits the hindmost stroke,

D O N A L D.

But Christian perfeverance, say,
What mean ye by the word, I pray ?

D U B B I N.

Why, yes, it is the Christian's path,
It is—it is—the grace of faith :
It still holds on—heg—boldly—hem—
Why, when I think, its much the same.

D O N A L D.

Ay, Dubbin, an' is this your plan ?
Ye're sure a deep and doughty man,
I find I'm nae a match for you ;
Its best for me to bid adieu.
I'll thrash my corn, the strife avoid,
An think mysel as well employ'd.

DUBBIN.

Your carnal wisdom I commend—
That's perseverance to the end!

DIALOGUE II.

DUBBIN.

STILL busy, Donald, air and late;
Bethink thee, man, what waes await
The worldly worm, whae toils for gain,
Neglects his faul for wark profane.
We labour fair for meat and claife,
We mind na what the gospel says;
What profit is't to gain the world,
If down to hell the soul be hurl'd!
In heaven lay up your bags o' meal,
Whare thieves and mice can never steal.

DONALD.

Ay, Dubbin, ay, a sentence hard!
I fure would hae a poor reward,

If thus, while I contented drudge,
 Ye were at last to be my judge.
 I think ye soon hae changed your note;
 Last time that we the battle fought,
 Ye said the gospels were but whistles,
 That nought was gospel but th' epistles;
 An' at your word, man, here I tak ye,
 An' wi' your ain claymore will whauk ye.
 I'll nae pretend to see thro' all
 The deep debates of learn'd St Paul,
 But, if I'm nae mista'en, he says,
 In pat intelligible phrase,
 That who does naething for his meat
 Should never be allow'd to eat.
 Ye need na, Dubbin, think I fear ye,
 Tho' seldom seen to venture near ye.
 When last we parted, aff ye set,
 Tauld every mither's fin ye met,
 That you and I had faught a battle,
 And that it was a bloody brattle;
 And that at last I sculk'd away,
 Wi' d—I belicket I could say.

DUBBIN.

O! dinna ban, O Sirs! I said—
 I said—I did na say we had—

I thought—I did na think that ever—
O Sirs! what lies and clishmaclaver—
You seem'd to think—

D O N A L D.

I seem'd to think——
You said that I was glad to shrink:
An now you would the fact deny—
“ O Sirs! what lies”—an' yet the lye,
An arrant lye, I clearly note,
Wi' conscience grappling in your throat.

D U B B I N.

O cease from anger, Donald, cease,
It is a d—l disturbs our peace.
O mind the Scripture's haly rule,
That anger resteth with the fool.

D O N A L D.

Ay, but hypocrisy confess'd,
May, must, with anger fire the breast;
When there it rests with venom'd sting,
This you should know's another thing.

D U B B I N.

It may be fae, I'll nae confute it,
An' if ye say't, I canna doubt it.

But, my dear Donald, I have seen
 A buik that maks me unco keen
 To tak your *sensual* soun' advice,
 About some doctrines unco nice.
 For this twa owks I've studied hard,
 Done little else but on it star'd.
 Tho' I hae some divinity,
 An' some learn'd Greek latinity ;
 Its depth I'm puzzled to discover,
 Tho' three times I have read it over.
 I gat the buik frae Robin Steel,
 Whae coft it o' a chapman chiel,
 Whose precious store he has on hand,
 Wi' light would dazzle a' the land.
 The writer is a twa-edg'd blade,
 Tho' anes a tinkler to his trade ;
 But, O the wark o' sovereign grace,
 It flash'd unlook'd for in his face ;
 An' when he only was a thinking,
 On wh——n, blasphemy, and drinking,
 He got the effectual call to teach,
 An', just like Paul, was sent to preach.
 Whae, but the Spirit, could indite
 Sic wonders as we see him write,
 Could teach him sic a monstrous creed ;
 It taught him even to write and read,

To read the Hebrew gospel buiks,
 An' spy out a' their hooks and crooks,
 But I maun tell you a' the nature
 Of his unfathomable matter.
 An' first the Trinity he clears,
 Till a' the parable appears ;
 An' from his plan you plainly see
 That three is one, and one is three,
 Next he ascends to the *deception*,
 The Virgin's spiritual connection,
 Lastly, and to conclude, he says,
 The Spirit must have a' the praise ;
 We need na seek to say nor do,
 But as he bids we maun pursue ;
 An' whether we do good or ill,
 It's a' ordain'd by his blest will.

D O N A L D.

Delicious doctrine, I confess,
 That comfortably lays the stress
 Of a' our guilt, whate'er it be,
 On one so powerful, strong as he ;
 Who, as he caus'd, so should endure it,
 An' hence of a' its gall can cure it.
 From this, were you to cut my throat,
 You ne'er should feel a painful thought ;

For so it was ordain'd to be,
 An' how the d—l could you get free;
 Were this the case, on such excuse,
 No judge your pardon could refuse.
 But did you ever hear it pled
 By any wretch to justice led,
 That hard necessity decreed,
 And forced him to the murd'rous deed?
 Could any man of common sense
 Pretend to offer sic defence,
 Unless his brain were quite bamboozled,
 By your confounded nostrums toozled?
 I hold them in no better light
 Than impious blasphemy downright;
 Because it boldly builds the load
 Of a' our bloated guilt on G—d,

D U B B I N.

Ah! Donald, now you seem to hold
 A doctrine damnable, I'm told,
 By a' the guid and godly folks
 Held heathenish, devilish, *betrydox*.
 That man's a *freeholder* you mean,
 An' not a sinful, dead, machine.
 O, Sirs! the pride o' carnal sense,
 That dares deny the *monyscience*;

Set up his wicked *nolence-volence*,
 Against the haly *only potence* !
 Your common sense is a deceiver,
 And scorn'd by ev'ry true believer.
 The light of faith can never dwell
 Wi' that back-sliding imp of hell,
 Never can shine in ony place,
 Whare he hads up his niger-face.
 Tho' I to lear can mak pretence,
 An' anes gaed thro' the *rude-mens* ;
 Yet still I'm puzzl'd now and then,
 At least—indeed I'll nae preten'
 To read some Greekish buiks so well,
 As that sometimes I maunna spell.
 Yet I believe 'twill be confess'd,
 That of the mystery I'm possess'd,
 And can dispute right stiff about it,
 Till, tho' I say't, there's few will doubt it.
 A famous piece I lately saw,
 " The gospel trampling on the law,"
 That mention'd oft the *Antinomans* ;
 Now, what were they, Greekmans or Ro-
 mans ?
 It's said their name explains their creed,
 But what this is I scarce can read.

DONALD.

Above my reach I never rise,
 Or try t'instruct the learn'd and wise.
 I never studied Latin books,
 Or sought to pry in darksome nooks ;
 Where I could only grope about,
 Wanting a light to bring me out.
 Humbly I read the word of G—d,
 An' there I seek to find my road.
 His day I honour, and repair,
 With rev'rence, to his house of prayer.
 Ne'er vex myself or other folks,
 'Bout doctrine soun' and orthodox ;
 An' never wish to carp about it,
 Because nae guid I see come out o't.
 These matters where you rash decide,
 With so much arrogance and pride,
 I'm told have pos'd the ablest men,
 Th'expertest champions of the pen.
 Shall you or I then vainly try
 To sound sic deep divinity ?
 Shall we pretend the truth to see,
 Where sagest doctors disagree ?
 This from the pulpit I was told,
 By one who does not seem so bold,

Who said we ne'er should mak dissension,
 'Bout things above our comprehension ;
 But shun as pests the wrangling crew,
 And peace and love with all pursue.
 He holds this is religion's aim,
 To mend the heart, and not inflame ;
 That all her useful precepts plain
 Without much learning we may gain ;
 And clearly comprehend her plan,
 The love of G—d and love of man ;
 That all her rites and rules must tend
 Chief to promote this noble end ;
 That, in the Saviour's laws divine
 This doctrine breathes in every line.

D U B B I N.

Here, Donald, I maun intervene,
 The sermon on the mount you mean ;
 I will deny there's gospel in it,
 An' pledge my faith ye canna fin' it ;
 An' this, I will be bold to say,
 Is an objection that must weigh.
 I hear as foun' divines as you,
 (Nane of your cauldrie moral crew)
 An' they still argue and maintain,
 That our best works are wicked, vain ;

That faith alone the field can win,
An' what is not of faith is sin.—

D O N A L D.

Hold, hold,—you draw a wrong conclusion ;
Your brain is a' in wild confusion :
The doctrine may be foun' and good,
But damnably misunderstood.
I hope your preachers strive to clear it,
An' meikle need ye hae to hear it ;
That faith devoid of works is dead,
As somewhere I have also read.
Faith is the tree ; works shew the fruit,
Which die unnourish'd by this root.
Thus charity that maks a phraise,
An's only gi'en for selfish praise ;
An' honesty that's practis'd pure,
That we by this may wealth procure ;
And every deed that's merely done,
To please ourselves, not G—d alone ;
All these, I own, may shine in vain,
And ne'er his approbation gain.
The faith that's only shewn by leaves,
Is but a phantom that deceives
A foolish, superstitious crew,
That run perdition to pursue,

But fare-ye-well, I'm o'er lang here ;
 I see ye're keen to persevere.
 It's nae by jangling that we'll earn
 Our daily bread, or knowledge learn.
 But for your cud I'll leave a bit,
 Tho' not a text, foun' mither-wit :
 " A man of words, and not of deeds,
 " Is like a garden full of weeds."

D U B B I N *alone.*

O Sirs ! we're a' gaun fast astray ;
 Muckle's our need to sigh and pray.
 O L—d ! our faith is waxing cold,
 Our cisterns can nae water hold.
 O pu' us, Father ! by thy grace,
 Son ! pu' us frae this wicked race ;
 Pu', Spirit, wi' ilk limb and lith,
 Pu' a' at anes wi' a' your pith ;
 Your strongest cord it will require
 To pu' us out the sinfu' mire.
 L—d crush the faes o' faith at anes,
 Their children dash against the stanes ;
 An' raise the remnant in thy might,
 Out from the earth their names to dight ;
 An' glory shall be gi'en to thee ;
 " Halleluja, Hallelujee."

DIALOGUE III.

DUBBIN.

O Donald, do I see you well?
O L—d be thanked ! what a knell
Gaed thro' my verra faul, when tauld
That ye had got a deadly cauld ;
An' gasped wide for want o' breath,
An' just was looked on for death.
With fervour I besought the L—d,
That soon your health might be restor'd ;
An' hallow'd be his name, I see
He's lent a listening lug to me,

DONALD.

I thank you, Dubbin, for your zeal ;
But who told you that I was ill ?
I never in my life was better ;
But surely I am much your debtor.

DUBBIN.

O Sirs ! but wickedness is bauld ?
What lies for cursed ends are tauld,

The seed of righteousness to vex,
 To persecute them and perplex !
 'Twas Maggy heard the mournfu' news,
 Ae night when ca'ing hame the cows,
 Frae some waff chiel upo' the road ;
 But O ! I am glad to see't a fraud.
 O we're a wicked generation,
 We suffer waefu' tribulation :
 The little flock are fore distress'd,
 By Belial's cruel sons oppress'd.
 O Donald, a' your neighbours ken
 Ye're 'mang the best o' moral men ;
 Ye're ready aye wi' heart and hand
 To help them on that's at a stand.
 Our rents are rack'd, the times are hard,
 An' ye are gracious wi' the Laird.
 I'm fair forfoughen wi' arrears,
 Now mounted up for twa three years.
 He's threatening now to poynd my gear,
 Barbariously to leave me bare.
 Now, since I'm here, I would intreat
 That ye would help me in my strait ;
 And what you gi'e shall be restor'd,
 Because you len' it to the L—d.

DONALD.

Ho! Dubbin, now I smoke your drift;
 As you to me hae lent a lift,
 And kindly gain'd me Heaven's regards,
 So, I for you should ask the Laird's.
 But whence comes a' your poverty?
 Ye hae as guid a tack as I:
 It's scorn o' pelf, and holy zeal
 For God's ain house, that mak you feel
 Oppression's rage and griping claw,
 The cruel rigours of the law.
 I doubt ye'll be obliged to sell
 Some precious buiks you like so well:
 As mony ye hae coft, they say,
 As twa three rents would nearly pay;
 Tho' fair I doubt if ye'll mak o' them
 The guineas ye hae wared upo' them;
 An' mair I doubt the Laird's consent
 To tak them for a crown o' rent.

DUBBIN.

Sell my guid buiks! I'd be as laith
 As sell my faul, or sell the faith.
 Tho' he would never get a plack,
 Tho' I frae neck to heel should brak,

An' tho' I should be forced to beg,
 I've made a covenant and *leg*,
 That I'll support the haly kirk,
 Tho' I had neither cow nor stirk.
 An' tho' the fig-tree should na sprout,
 An' tho' the vine-press should na spout,
 An' tho' my cabbage and my kail,
 An' a' my *olive-cattle* fail ;
 I'll praise the L—d wi' thankfu' voice,
 An' wi' his chosen saints rejoice.
 But will ye speak a word for me ?
 Ye ken we're a' o' ae degree ;
 An' tho' some rise aboon the rest,
 An' had them down wi' want oppress ;
 Yet we shall mount a heavenly throne,
 And then, G—d's holy will be done.

D O N A L D.

To help a neighbour in his need,
 Upo' my knees I'd fa' and plead,
 An' now wad gaun and found the Laird,
 But much I fear I'd nae be heard.
 Mind ye when, in the month o' May,
 Ye brought him in some half-thrash'd hay,
 An' mix'd it wi' the rest at night,

D

Thinking it ne'er would come to light ?
 An' tho' 'twas prov'd beyond all doubt,
 With lifted hands and eyes devout,
 You boldly call'd upo' your God,
 To seal the curs'd notorious fraud.

D U B B I N.

An' can ye possibly believe,
 That thus a Christian could deceive ?
 O, thou of little faith, judge not,
 Against th' anointed do not plot ;
 Lest G—d confound you in his ire,
 An' roast you in eternal fire.
 But what altho' the hay seem'd scant—
 I mean—a pickle seed to want.
 Sure, 'twas a mighty wrang to see !
 The Laird could bear't as well as me.
 But Jemmy Clinch was art and part ;
 A faint, I'm certain, at the heart,
 An' he can tell——

D O N A L D.

——He, he can tell,——
 As d——d a rascal's out o' hell,
 A pest to a' the country roun',
 Still gaun about frae town to town,

Raifing diffention and difpute,
 An' feeking whom he can confute ;
 Abufing men of every ftation,
 The laws, religion of the nation,
 Hating all parties but his own,
 And, from his flander, fparing none.
 The figure of a faint he wears,
 But foon the hypocrite appears.
 Before I knew him, mim, demure,
 He hook'd me in his cunning lure ;
 And figh'd and pray'd wi' fuc a phraife,
 That I believ'd, in all his ways,
 He was an honeft man and leal,
 An' to the back was perfect steel.
 But wait a wee, ere a' was done,
 He bit, and bit me to the bone.
 'Gainft thieves and robbers we may guard,
 Wi' doors and windows firmly bar'd ;
 But a d—d, fly, pfalm-fingin' cheat,
 'Twould pofe the d—l to defeat.

D U B B I N.

Fy! Donald, fy! I canna' bear
 To fee you thus rampage and fwear.
 Be meek and harmlefs as the dove,
 Thy brethren view with Christian love.

Ye slander Clinch's heavenly talk,
 He's regular in a' his walk ;
 An' verily ye should na skaith
 A deep defender o' the faith.

DONALD.

A deep defender! a disgrace
 To any Christian sect or place ;
 Solemn, and scarcely seen to smile,
 But as the serpent, venom'd, vile.
 On Sabbath-days he groans and stares,
 To mention Saturday's affairs.
 If at the door upon his ass,
 Ye offer him the whauky-glass,
 He claps his bonnet on his face,
 Insults you with an half-hour grace ;
 An', hang him, he abhors the pipe,
 As if 'twere made o' d—l's tripe.
 Yet, at the kirk or crouded tents,
 Which far and near he still frequents,
 I've seen him shamefully indecent,
 In a' decorum quite deficient.
 Engaged in converse with his G—d,
 Horrid to say—I've seen him nod,
 An', in the midst of prayer and praise,
 As unconcern'd around him gaze.

He comes and goes whene'er he likes,
 An' out and in, just like the tikes.
 Such beastly conduct is a shame
 To pure Religion's sacred name.
 O! how her heavenly form's abus'd,
 Of every idiot's faults accus'd;
 Now cloath'd in meretricious glare,
 Now form'd to scunner and to scare!
 This minds me, man, of what befel
 Myself last night at Patie's well.
 'Twas very dark, I mis'd my way,
 Wander'd, L—d knows, how far astray;
 Till I was trammel'd in a bush
 Of thorns, that caus'd my blood to gush.
 Sore vex'd, I made a desperate bound,
 To reach what seem'd the open ground;
 But jump'd beyond it, in my ire,
 And headlong plung'd amidst the mire.
 So fares wi' him that's in a hurry;
 And drives his business in a fury.

D U B B I N.

I doubt, tho' ye're ayont my reach,
 It's nae foun' doctrine that ye preach.
 Ye've thrown out many hard reflections,
 To which I'll state as hard objections.

Ye're quite blasphemious and absurd,
 In every syllable and word.
 Ye scandalize, as a disgrace,
 A' the believers' marks of grace.
 Firstly, ye think that he might hear
 A bagpipe or a chanticleer.
 O man! seek charity, to hide
 Your multitude o' sins and pride.
 Perhaps ye'll say, cards, dice, an' dancin',
 Is nae a grievous and gran' sin;
 Dancin' accurst, I say, that shed
 The Baptist's blood, cut off his head.

D O N A L D.

To dance, a sin!—the sin o' murther!
 It's vain wi' you to argue further.
 What, tho' the damsel's dancing art,
 Happen'd to mellow Herod's heart;
 What, tho' by bad advice misled,
 She pleas'd a mother, sought the head;
 Must dancin' then get a' the blame,
 Or gracefu' carriage, fy for shame!
 If she had happen'd, with a song
 To please the king; then, right or wrong,
 We should be told by bigots fell,
 That music is the noise of hell.

You preach up charity and love,
 An' I your doctrine much approve ;
 But was it charity in you,
 Ae night, when driftin whirlwinds blew,
 A stranger that had lost his road,
 Came in, and begg'd, for love of G—d,
 To yield him house-room and retreat,
 Until the tempest should abate.
 Of his distress ye took nae heed,
 But question'd him about his creed,
 An' then, because he chanc'd to say,
 That he had heard a prelate pray,
 Ye instantly began to scold,
 An' shut him out of house and hold.

D U B B I N.

An' he deserv'd it, as I found
 His principles of faith unsound ;
 Found him a downright moral man.
 When warm'd a wee, he waxed wan,
 An' sought some water for to drink ;
 Plenty he gat, but, what d'ye think,
 He guzzled it without the grace,
 Just like a beast wi' human face !
 When I in duty blam'd him for't,
 An' wi' him dealt, he took the dort.

Could I my duty then decline,
Wi' him in family-worship join ?

D O N A L D.

In family-worship ! cantin ———
Thy hands to heav'n how durst thou stretch ?
Of heav'n's avenging curse beware,
To answer thy presumptuous prayer.
Forth, hypocrite ! nor more uprake
My rising rage, thy bones to break,
The blackness of thy heart to bare,
Religion's cloak from off thy carcase tear.

E P I L O G U E.

YE fons of learning and of light,
Rise, hail our day so heavenly bright,
That dissipates, with mystic glories,
The gloom of old unhallow'd stories.
The politician and divine
No more the court and kirk confine,

But deepest doubts in church and state,
 In flame the peasant's bold debate ;
 Fire him with noble zeal and rage,
 'Gainst *earthly* rulers to engage.
 Conscious of privileges high,
 Mysterious given him from the sky,
 Inspir'd, he quick discerns the flaws
 Of human sense and human laws.
 Free subject of a higher sphere,
 He bravely acts the mutineer,
 Still ready, with his tongue and sword,
 To lash or stab a *legal* lord.
 Or in a ditch, or in a stall,
 He knows as certain, more than all
 The sagest doctor e'er can teach,
 Instructs him how to pray and preach ;
 His doctrine *learnedly* can impugn,
 And tell him when he's right or wrong ;
 Nor studies aught but to confute him,
 And takes his words just as they'll suit him.
 Hence see how *Liberty* and *Light*
 Indulg'd, their blest effects unite,
 Peace to preserve and moral laws,
 And to promote Religion's cause :
 When join'd with Ignorance and Zeal,
 How safely rests the common-weal !

While honesty's faint setting beam
 Is quench'd in system's dazzling gleam,
 By which the soul, with proud career,
 Far far transcends the lunar sphere ;
 Contemns the musty laws profane,
 Of pagan Virtue's gloomy reign :
 With hate of men, and love of G—d,
 On wings of Faith, ascends to heaven's abode.

DIALOGUE IV.

HIPPOLITUS AND THEOPHILUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

THeophilus, my honest friend,
Why, zounds !—I cannot comprehend
How this dull life can be endur'd,
While here you doze, in shades immur'd.
A man of fortune and of birth,
Fitted t' enliven wit and mirth,
To drink and sing, and dance with grace,
And match the first in every place ;
Yet lost to all !—why, take my word,
I think, my friend, 'tis d—d absurd.

THEOPHILUS.

Kind Sir, you over-rate my merit,
And I must own my want of spirit.
I'm happy while you still allow
I decently can make my bow ;
And yet a pleasant hour can pass,
Blest with a friend, a song, and glass.

Tho' now I cease to be admir'd,
 From cities, courts, and clubs retir'd,
 Tho' seldom deep in debt, or drunk,
 I'm neither misanthrope nor monk,
 Nor hir'd to manage state-affairs;
 I mind my own, and say my prayers.

HIPPOLITUS.

And say your prayers! odds, bibles, psalms,
 And bended knees and stretched palms!
 Methinks I see your foolish face;
 Were Tom to spy your four grimace,
 Surprise you in the very act,
 How would you blush to own the fact?

THEOPHILUS.

No, Sir, I'm not asham'd to pray,
 To Heaven my duteous homage pay,
 On G—d my sole dependance own,
 And prostrate fall before his throne,
 As by his bounty I exist,
 And life enjoy, I must insist
 That who this tribute just deny,
 Who thus his pow'r seem to defy,
 Are blots and blemishes that smear
 The brightness of creation's sphere;

As base ingratitude's a crime,
The foulest sprung from Stygian slime,

HIPPOLITUS.

And so I hold it, sink me, worse
Than his who robs or steals my purse,
That scoundrel-feed, who owes his rise
To my support, and now denies
His service in the needful hour,
Against me turns his gifted power ;—
Should not the thankless villain bleed,
For his accurs'd and trait'rous deed ?

THEOPHILUS.

Perhaps he ought. The case apply :
Our Benefactor in the sky
Has rais'd from dust our honour'd race,
To hold distinguish'd power and place ;
Adopts us as his sons and heirs,
Immortal crowns for us prepares.
Dare we disown so kind a friend,
On whom we constantly depend ?
Shall we ungrateful blush with shame
To invoke his sacred name ?
Religion's laws shall we disdain,
And scorn his honour to maintain ?

Shall then thy recreant friend be d—d,
This blacker baseness pass unblam'd ?

HIPPOLITUS.

Mal a propos ! a devilish rant !
Wild Superstition's crazy cant !
First in the bigot's noddle nurs'd,
By which mankind have still been curs'd.
Religion, I agree with H——,
Has wrought more bloodshed, fire, and fume,
Than fiercest tyrants e'er atchiev'd,
Than fellest furies e'er conceiv'd.
A bugbear, clear, I hold her law,
The stupid vulgar mob to awe.

THEOPHILUS.

Th' abuse you mean, I ne'er pretend
Or to deny or to defend ;
But 'tis a bold and impious crime,
To brand Religion's pow'r sublime,
Because a fiend assumes her name,
And wastes the world with sword and flame.
As aim'd at Superstition's heart,
The infidel directs his dart ;
And while his shafts at random fly,
He wounds Religion standing nigh,

Confounds them in his parallel,
 Tho' differing wide as heaven and hell.
 —For liberty, we pour our blood,
 And dauntless rush thro' fire and flood :
 For Liberty, what mighty rage
 Has vex'd the world in every age ?
 Shall Liberty be hence accurs'd,
 Because Licentiousness is nurs'd
 Oft times amidst her bright domain,
 And madly bursts the ruler's rein ?
 Hence may th' uncurb'd infuriate band
 Scorn Legislation's high command,
 Contemptuously affirm with you,
 That laws regard the vulgar crew.
 Laws and Religion, I maintain,
 Can never due allegiance gain,
 Unless their sovereign, sacred sway,
 Both monarch and the mob obey.
 Forgive me, Sir, including all
 The vulgar great and vulgar small.

HIPPOLITUS.

All laws I scorn that seek to bind
 The free-born independent mind,
 But chiefly priestcraft's servile chain,
 Of reason, conscience, truth, the bane.

A man of honour I could trust,
 As liberal, charitable, just ;
 But, in a zealot, grim and grave,
 I constantly suspect the knave.
 Witness Sanctofus, meek, demure,
 Yet stern to starve the neighbouring poor,
 Who hoards his gold, yet leaves an aunt
 To pine in wretchedness and want.
 Witness that villain, once my groom,
 Whose brow still bends with holy gloom,
 Who morn and even pours lengthen'd
 pray'rs,
 And regular to church repairs ;
 Yet conscience found my chests to drain,
 To starve my horses, sell my grain,
 And boldly dared to plead excuse,
 That he but check'd the vile abuse
 Of wasting on my bestial brood,
 What ought to serve for Christian's food.
 Mark your religion !——

THEOPHILUS.

——Heavens ! beware,
 My friend; your blasphemy forbear,
 Must all the filth of earth and hell
 Be rak'd into Religion's cell ?

Must she be charg'd with every stain
 Of every wretch, her laws arraign?
 An angel pure she left the sky,
 To dwell with frail Mortality,
 To bless mankind, to raise the soul
 On Virtue's wing, above the pole,
 With piety the breast to fire,
 And every excellence inspire.
 If now we see her sacred fane,
 Surrounded by a bigot-train,
 By miscreants that assume her name,
 To screen their villainy and shame;
 While these her purity abuse,
 Can Power and Rank their aid refuse,
 To rescue her from hands profane,
 Her rights and dignity maintain?
 Behold her piteously implore
 Their help, her honours to restore.

HIPPOLITUS.

What! countenance a cursed scheme,
 Where faith, I'm told, is still the theme
 Held forth, and honour'd at th' expence
 Of honesty and common sense;
 By which the hypocrite may gain
 The glories of a heav'nly reign,

Inherit with the gods their sky,
 By theft, belief, and knavery.
 While honour is so rarely found,
 While lies and treachery abound,
 Is this a system to be taught,
 Where Virtue lurks in margin-note,
 Or, if she dare to shew her face,
 Parenthesis prescribes her place,
 Enfolds her close on either side,
 To circumscribe her pagan pride?
 Can you beneath your rank descend,
 Such poison'd nostrums to defend?
 By no enthusiast's arts cajol'd,
 This is the only creed I hold,
 " For forms of faith let zealots fight ;
 " His can't be wrong, whose life is right."

THEOPHILUS.

Honour you crown with high applause,
 And seem to scorn Religion's laws.
 The code of faith and gospel-scheme
 To you appear an idle dream.
 But honour, truth and virtue's fire,
 By faith uncherish'd, soon expire,
 And gleam but as a meteor-blaze,
 Unkindled by Religion's rays.

Faith and Morality disjoin'd,
 Are wild, inconstant as the wind.
 A mere believer you detest,
 When void of virtue, as a pest.
 And surely such must prove the shame
 Of all who own the Christian name;
 A name that fitly should contain
 All that is gen'rous, just, humane.
 But grant me equal liberty,
 Distrusting Infidelity;
 However loud he may proclaim
 The dignity of Honour's name.
 Oft, Sir, when Passion, Interest, call,
 Truth, Virtue, Honour, vanish all.
 Unaw'd by an omniscient Power,
 And rigid Retribution's hour,
 Frail man may human laws evade,
 Securely trespass in the shade;
 May, sometimes, with the call comply,
 May rob, deceive, or stab, or lie.

HIPPOLITUS.

What! damme, Sir, explain, or draw—
 When, where, who, Sir, escap'd the law—
 In Gratton's grove securely lie—
 Who dares?—blast me—and perjury!

A man of honour lie ; to screen
His guilt! Zounds! Sir, what is't you mean?

THEOPHILUS.

What, Sir, do you mean to imply,
By groves and guilt and perjury?
I beg you would your rage restrain,
This jointless rhapsody explain?

HIPPOLITUS.

I thought you hinted dark reflection ;
If not---why---this is your protection.
But Infidelity you blame,
Tho' noble Brutus boast the name.
His honour would you dare distrust,
A man of fashion, generous, just,
Who knows the world, whose free-born soul
Scorns Superstition's base control,
Who, tutor'd in the Sceptic's school,
Holds every dogmatist a fool,
Who nobly acts on Nature's plan,
Maintains the dignity of man,
Affirms that all your bold believers
Are blinded dupes or vile deceivers,
That, of divines, the learn'd and wise
Are but free-thinkers in disguise,

Who smile to see a bigot-crew
 'Believe their artful tenets true?

THEOPHILUS.

That sage divines do not believe,
 That 'tis their int'rest to deceive,
 Is still the sceptic's hackney'd theme,
 Who 'gainst Religion dares blaspheme,
 'Gainst church and churchmen idly raves,
 Deems all believers fools or knaves.
 As hypocrites, shall Brutus brand
 Philosophy's illustrious band,
 The brightest names of every age,
 Who thought it glory to engage,
 And plead Religion's injur'd cause,
 Defending all her sacred laws?
 Shall he the friends of Reason shock,
 Say that a Newton, Boyle, and Locke
 Were all befooled, because they shone
 Religion's champions round her throne?
 Boldly for freedom you contend,
 But to an *ipse dixit* bend,
 Damn faith as a delusive story,
 Prov'd false by reasons *a priori*.
 From Brutus generous, just, polite,
 You draw your principles and light.

His worth and learning you commend,
 On which, secure you can depend.
 Excuse you then his barbarous deed,
 When Meanwell mild was seen to bleed,
 Whom *honour* call'd to meet his sword,
 For one mistaken harmless word ?
 Can you his cruel crime defend,
 Who saw a father, once his friend,
 A favourite daughter's shame bemoan,
 By his insidious arts undone ?
 A man, unaw'd by Power divine,
 Who scorns to worship at his shrine,
 Dreadless of an avenging rod,
 To crush his crimes, as braving G—d ;
 If such there be, I will, I must
 For ever dread him and distrust.

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, Sir, his honour still is pure,
 Tho' canting hypocrites demure
 May blame his high heroic spirit,
 His generous warmth and manly merit.
 You boast of Berkleys, Bolingbrokes,
 As firm believers orthodox ;
 But 'tis a d—d unjust conclusion,
 These ne'er were dup'd by such delusion.

All them philosophers you quote,
 Were sceptics firm in every thought,
 Avert'd that Science still confounds,
 'Twixt vice and virtue, all the bounds ;
 That true philosophers alone,
 In every case to doubt are prone ;
 That 'tis a vulgar error quite,
 To trust our ears, or taste, or sight ;
 That private crimes, well understood,
 Oft times promote the general good.
 You say I reason *a priori*,
 Whereas my plan's *posteriori*.
 The inference I hold, if just,
 Your premises I take on trust ;
 And never discompose my brain
 To trace your metaphysic chain,
 Believing, as in duty bound,
 Philosophers the most profound.
 — But damn your whiggish cant, come dine
 In town to-morrow ; you'll have wine,
 Blast me, the best, in my opinion,
 Produc'd in Burgundy's dominion.
 With cards, a song, and cheerful glafs,
 Jovial the tedious day we'll pass,

THEOPHILUS.

To-morrow, Sir, I must decline
 Your invitation kind to dine.
 That day, tho' you may think it odd,
 I keep as sacred to my G—d.
 To church with reverence due repair,
 To countenance his worship there ;
 A duty most befitting all,
 Of human kind, both great and small ;
 But chiefly those of high estate,
 Whom lower orders imitate.
 If these we teach e'er to despise,
 Or not revere Religion's ties,
 No human laws can ever bind,
 Th' unprincipled and vulgar mind.
 Nor jail nor gibbet can restrain,
 The ravage of the robber-train.
 Your boasted honour, virtue, fame,
 With these are but an empty name.
 Thus, pious duty set aside,
 For public good I would provide.
 As here I hold distinguish'd place,
 'Midst an observing peasant-race,
 To my example I attend,
 Since they on this so much depend ;

* Lest it should glare to lead astray,
 The weak, th' unwary, to betray;
 Lest I be justly charg'd with guilt,
 Upon my bad example built.
 To heav'n, as my regards are paid,
 So am I honour'd and obey'd.
 The praise of virtue I proclaim,
 And villainy expose to shame;
 Till peace and honesty are found
 To reign unrivall'd all around.
 —But here to-morrow you may dine,
 And view Religion's rural shrine.
 We'll go to church; on what may pass,
 I'll hear your judgment o'er a glass.

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, faith, I will, my friend, for once,
 Tho' Tom will mutter, drone, and dunce;

* Nec enim tantum mali est peccare principes (quantum est magnum hoc per se ipsum malum), quantum illud, quod permulti imitatores principum existunt.—Non solum vitia concipiunt ipsi, sed ea infundunt in civitatem; neque solum obsunt, quod ipsi corrumpuntur, sed etiam quod corrumpunt, plusque exemplo quam peccato nocent.

CICERO.

H

And blab it wide thro' all the town,
 That I'm the sober country clown.
 —But granting, Sir, a Deity,
 The truth of immortality,
 May not the heart's regard alone,
 Our moral duty fitly done,
 Entitle to Religion's prize
 Reserv'd for worth, amidst the skies?

THEOPHILUS.

The morals pure, the pious heart,
 United, form th' essential part
 Of duty which we rightly owe
 To God above and man below.
 But soon Morality would fail,
 And Vice with boundless rage prevail,
 Were bright Religion's fanes despis'd,
 Her sacred rites unsolemniz'd.
 He who would favour Virtue's cause,
 Should venerate Religion's laws;
 And ere his friendship be allow'd,
 It must be steady and avow'd.
 Can I acknowledge him a friend
 On whom I safely may depend,
 Whose zeal by words is only shewn,
 And this when we are left alone;

But who declines to speak aloud,
And scorns to own me in the croud,
Who ne'er appears in time of need,
My fame to shield, my cause to plead,
Resentment could I here restrain,
Not hold such baseness in disdain?

—Attend, Sir, what th' Eternal says,—

“Whoever scorns to give me praise,

“Before my foes who deems it shame,

“My sovereign glory to proclaim;

“In judgment, when I mount my throne,

“Before my angels, him I will disown.” *

HIPPOLITUS.

But ere the Christian scheme was known
How flourish'd virtue — — —

—*Desunt cætera,*

* Ος γὰρ ἀν ἐκαιο χυθῇ με καὶ τοὺς ἐμοὺς λόγους, ἐν τῇ γινῶ ταῦτα τῇ
μοιχαλίδι καὶ ἀμαρτωλῷ, καὶ ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἐκαιο χυθησεται αὐτοῖς,
ὅταν ἔλθῃ ἐν τῇ δόξῃ τοῦ πατρὸς αὐτοῦ μετὰ τῶν ἀγγέλων τῶν ἁγίων.

A circular ink stamp from the British Museum. The words "BRITISH" and "MUSEUM" are curved along the top and bottom edges respectively. In the center, the date "16 JY 75" is stamped horizontally. There are small dots separating the words and the date.